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NINETY-FOUR

A CALENDAR
FOR
THE YEAR OF OVR LOR'D
MDCCCXCIV
WITH VERSES BY SOME OF THE
CANADIAN WRITERS OF VERSE
AND DRAWINGS BY MEMBERS
OF THE
TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

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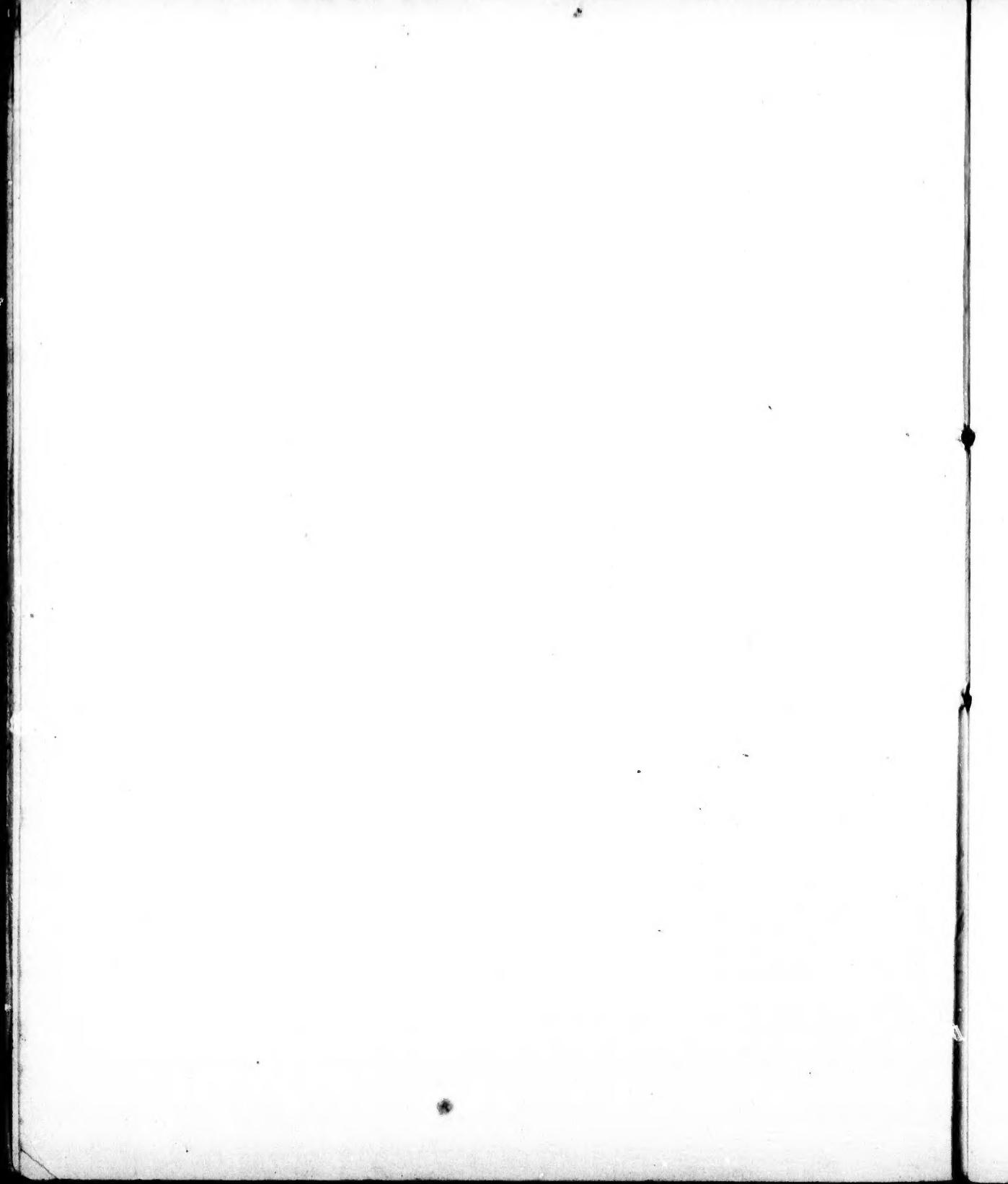
WINTER

D.F.Thomson

1289

This is the reign of winter — waning day
Dies down the gloom that shrouds the western sky,
And calling to his tempest broods on high
The frozen north resumes triumphant sway.
Hear how the fierce winds howl along their way
More dread than muttered thunders, — like the cry
Of tortured souls shrieking in agony,
Or Nature startled at her own wild play.
Make me thine own thou wild tempestuous night!
Breathe on my soul the terrors that are thine!
Inspire my spirit with thy fierce glad might!
For stars on fairer other brows may shine
And flowers fill summer's lap with tender light —
The wrath of God shall be thy stormier sign.

Pelham Edgar



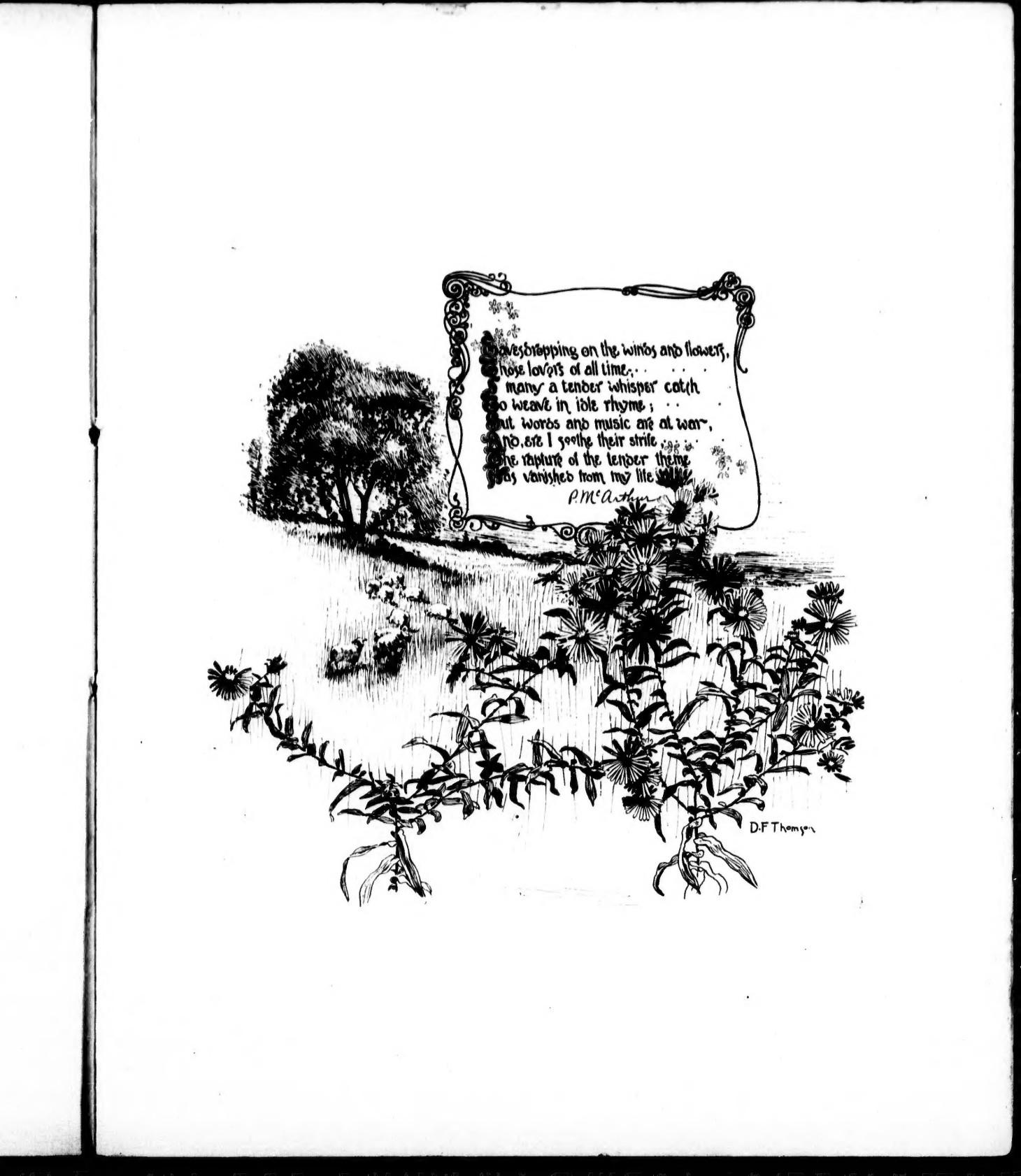


CPY

Created in soft wavy and bathed in dewy green,
Smiling through leaves, with brooding, tender face,
Our May, month comey, and straight, with airy grace,
Each bush unfurls its glistening tuft of green.
Soft clouds of verdure break the sky serene;
Gaze, wandering fragrance fills each bowery place
From snowy, clustering blossoms that embrace
The half-fledged boughs that grey and bare had been;
All May so softly kissed them into bloom;
And dewy violets and pure lilies wake
In soft shadows of the forest-brake
White lily cups pour forth their rich perfume
And sweet bird-carols stir the odorous air,
And light and joy and hope are everywhere.

Agnus M. MacLean
(Fidelity)

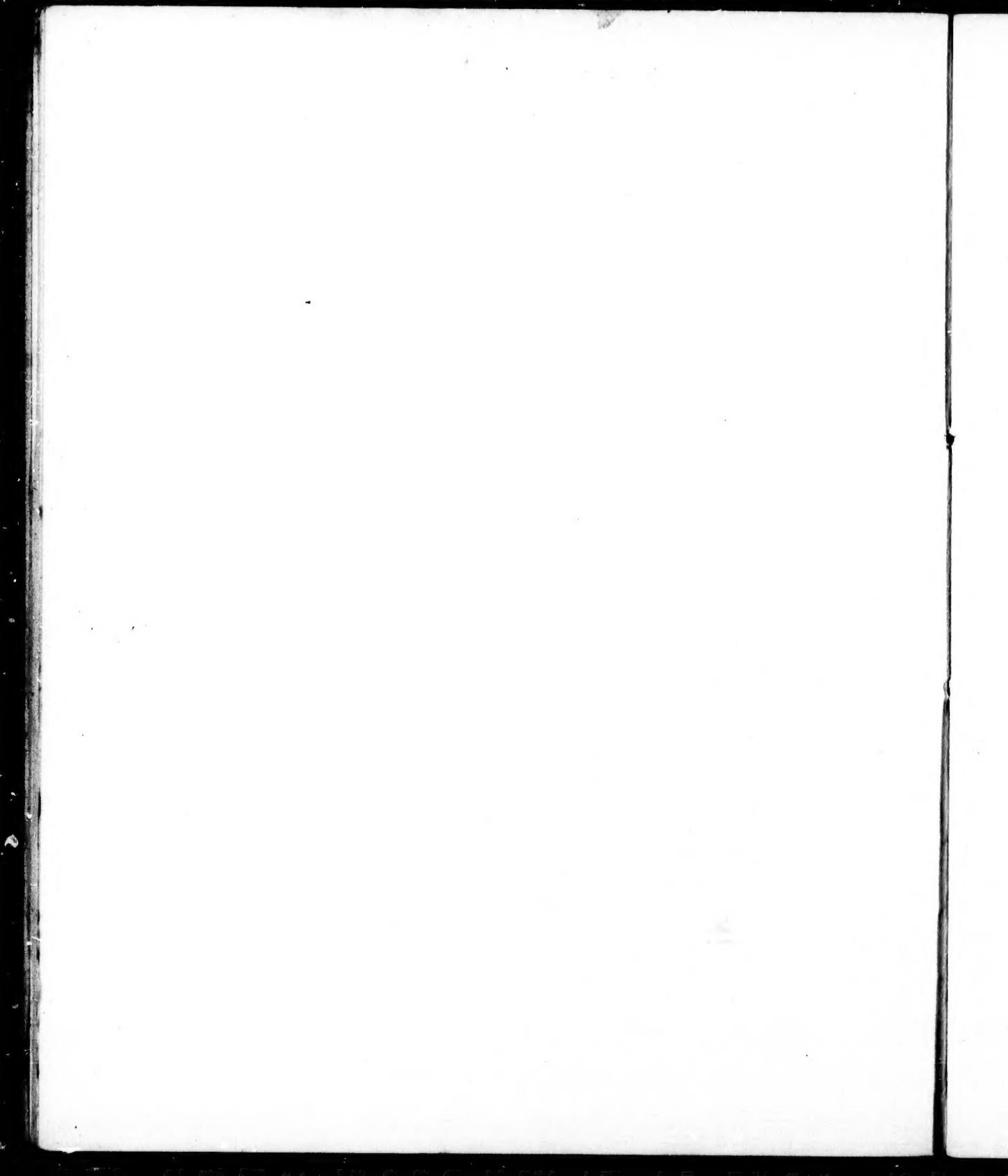
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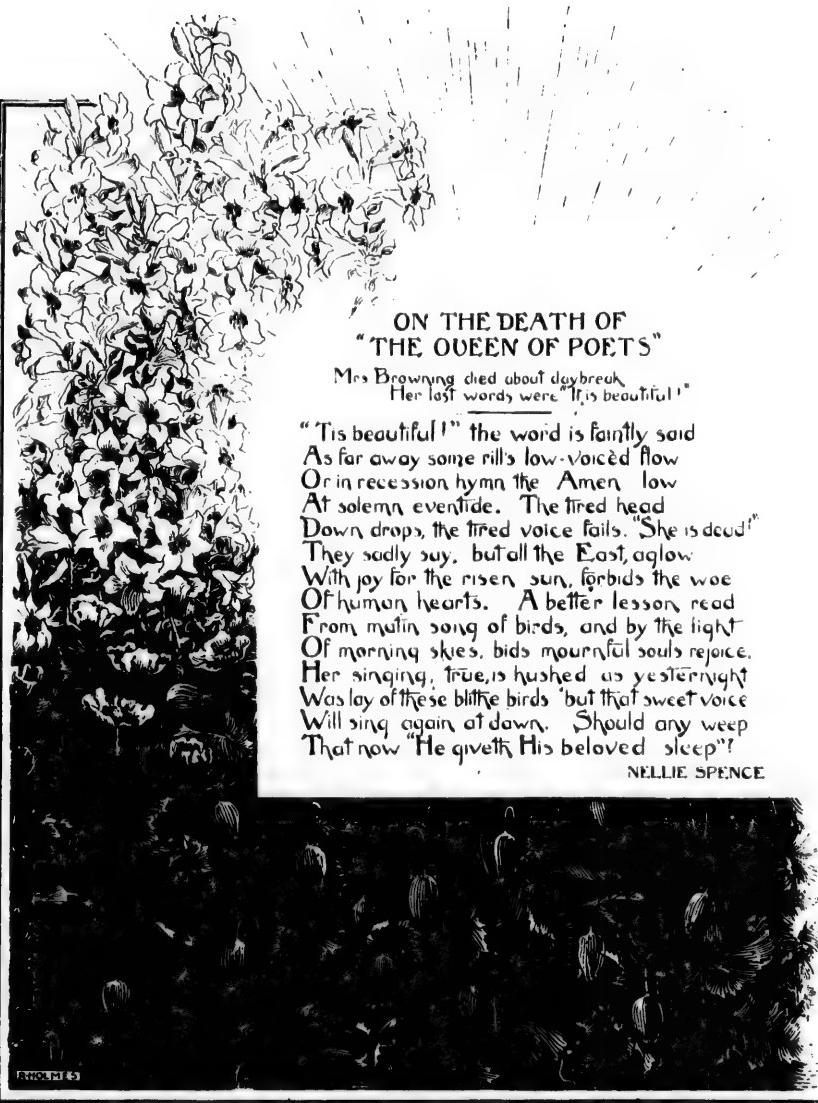


poesdropping on the winds and flowers,
those lover's of all time;
many a tender whisper catch
to weave in idle rhyme;
but words and music are at war,
and, ere I sooth their strife,
the rapture of the tender theme
has vanished from my life.

P.M. Arthur

D.F. Thomson





ON THE DEATH OF "THE QUEEN OF POETS"

Mrs Browning died about daybreak,
Her last words were "It is beautiful!"

"Tis beautiful!" the word is faintly said
As far away some rills low-voiced flow
Or in recession hymn the Amen low
At solemn eventide. The tired head
Down drops, the tired voice fails. "She is dead!"
They sadly say, but all the East, aglow
With joy for the risen sun, forbids the woe
Of human hearts. A better lesson read
From matin song of birds, and by the light
Of morning skies, bids mournful souls rejoice.
Her singing, true, is hushed as yesternight
Was lay of these blithe birds 'but that sweet voice
Will sing again at dawn. Should any weep
That now "He giveth His beloved sleep?"

NELLIE SPENCE

Cherèse

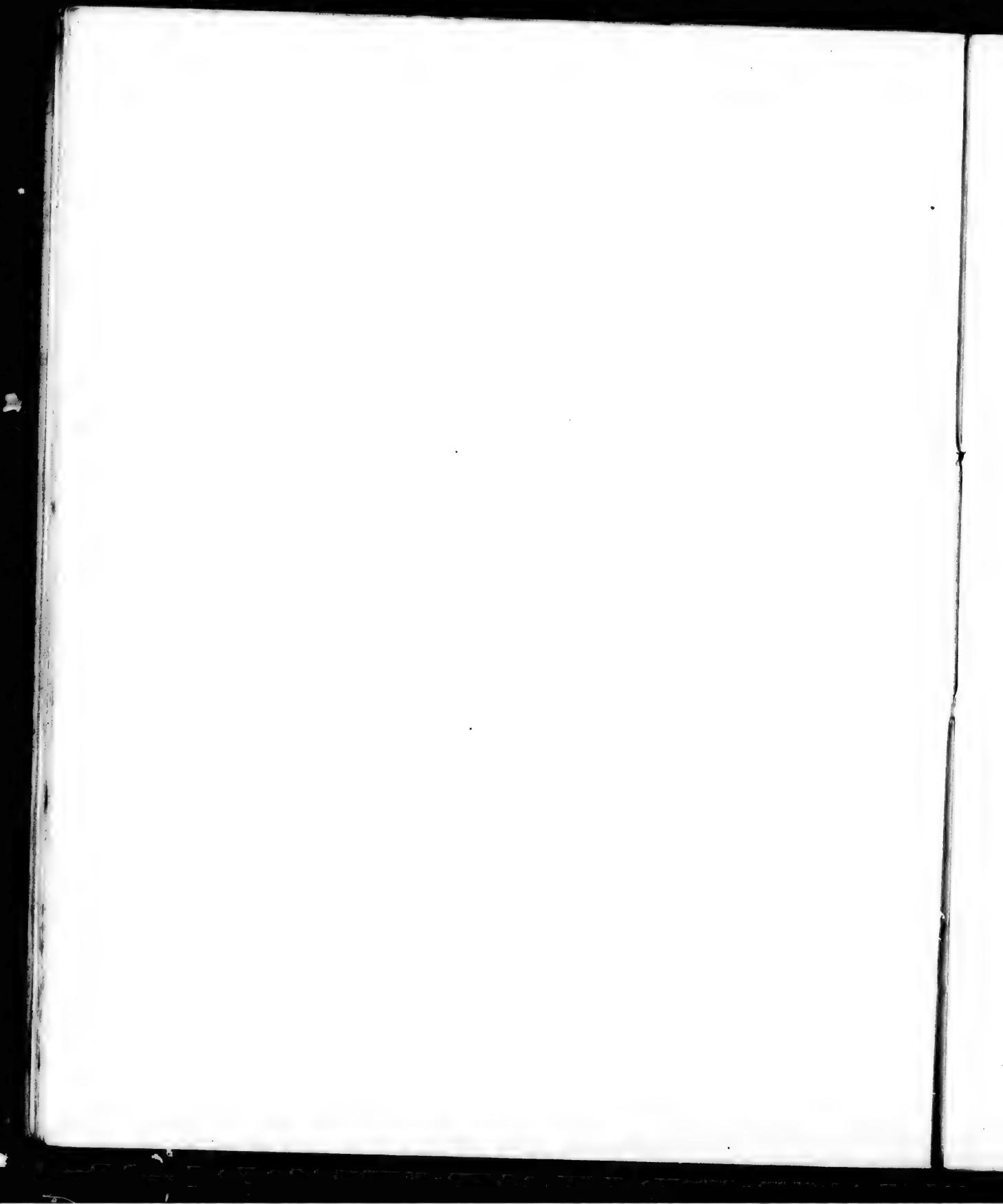


Sit me! the old piano stands there still;
 The white candles on its polished wood
 Are still reflected—they have not been lit
 Since you went, dear; for what would be the good
 Of lighting them, with none to come and sit
 And play, as you have played so long ago?
 No one cares now to see the small flames glow
 Light up the keys—Oh little white, white hands!
 Oh slight young form! The old piano stands
 Just as you left it—all your music piled
 Here on the table—This is some you wrote—
 Hush! Yes, I hear that low, sweet, single note,
 And now the room is full of sounds, all out
 They rush and thrash and whisper all about—
 And in my heart they never, never cease—
 For my heart loves them, loves and understands;
 The music of the little white, white hands,
 (So far away.)
 It seems as if I saw them, heard them play
 Cherèse! Cherèse!



Therese

"This is some you wrote."

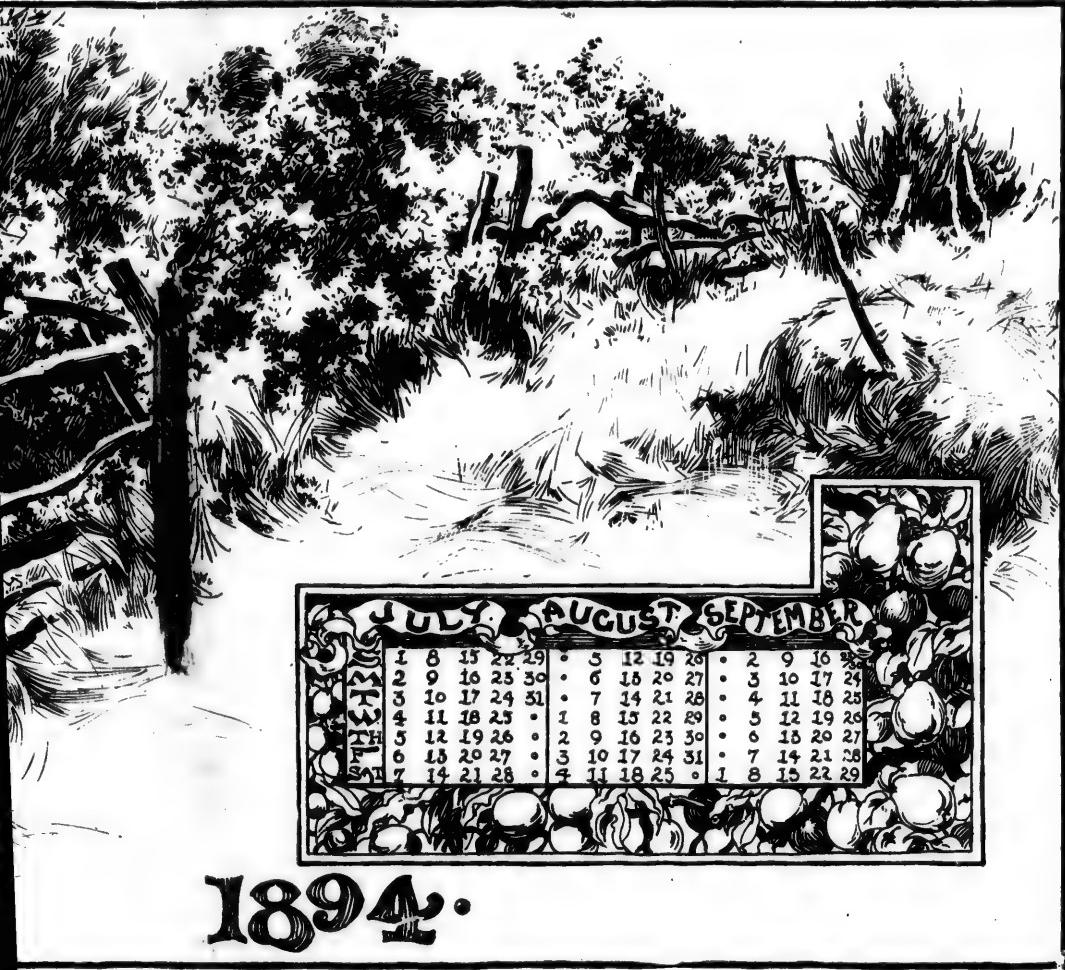




Verdant leaflets
clothe each
spray

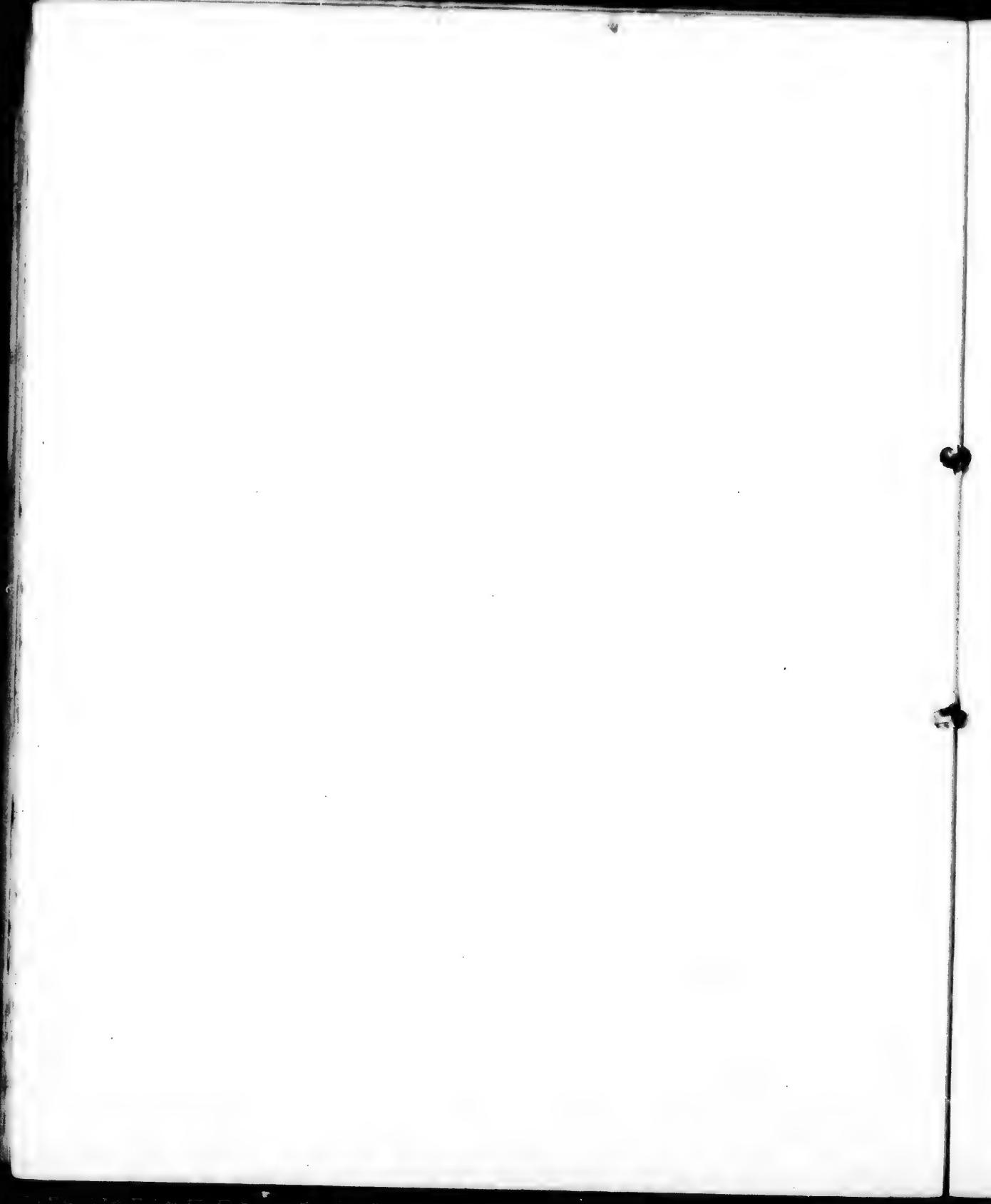
W. F. Brewster





	JULY				AUGUST				SEPTEMBER							
SUN	1	8	15	22	29	•	5	12	19	26	•	2	9	16	23	
MON	2	9	16	23	30	•	6	13	20	27	•	3	10	17	24	
TUE	3	10	17	24	31	•	7	14	21	28	•	4	11	18	25	
WED	4	11	18	25	•	1	8	15	22	29	•	5	12	19	26	
THU	5	12	19	26	•	2	9	16	23	30	•	6	13	20	27	
FRI	6	13	20	27	•	3	10	17	24	31	•	7	14	21	28	
SAT	7	14	21	28	•	4	11	18	25	•	1	8	15	22	29	

1894.





• SUMMER •



THE OLD PIONEER

A far from the tumult of life
And its fierce upsurging tide,
The veteran woodman rests
In the calm of his ingle-side.

B ot his the alluring strife
That honor and pleasure yields—
A hero of untold battles,
A victor on bloodless fields.

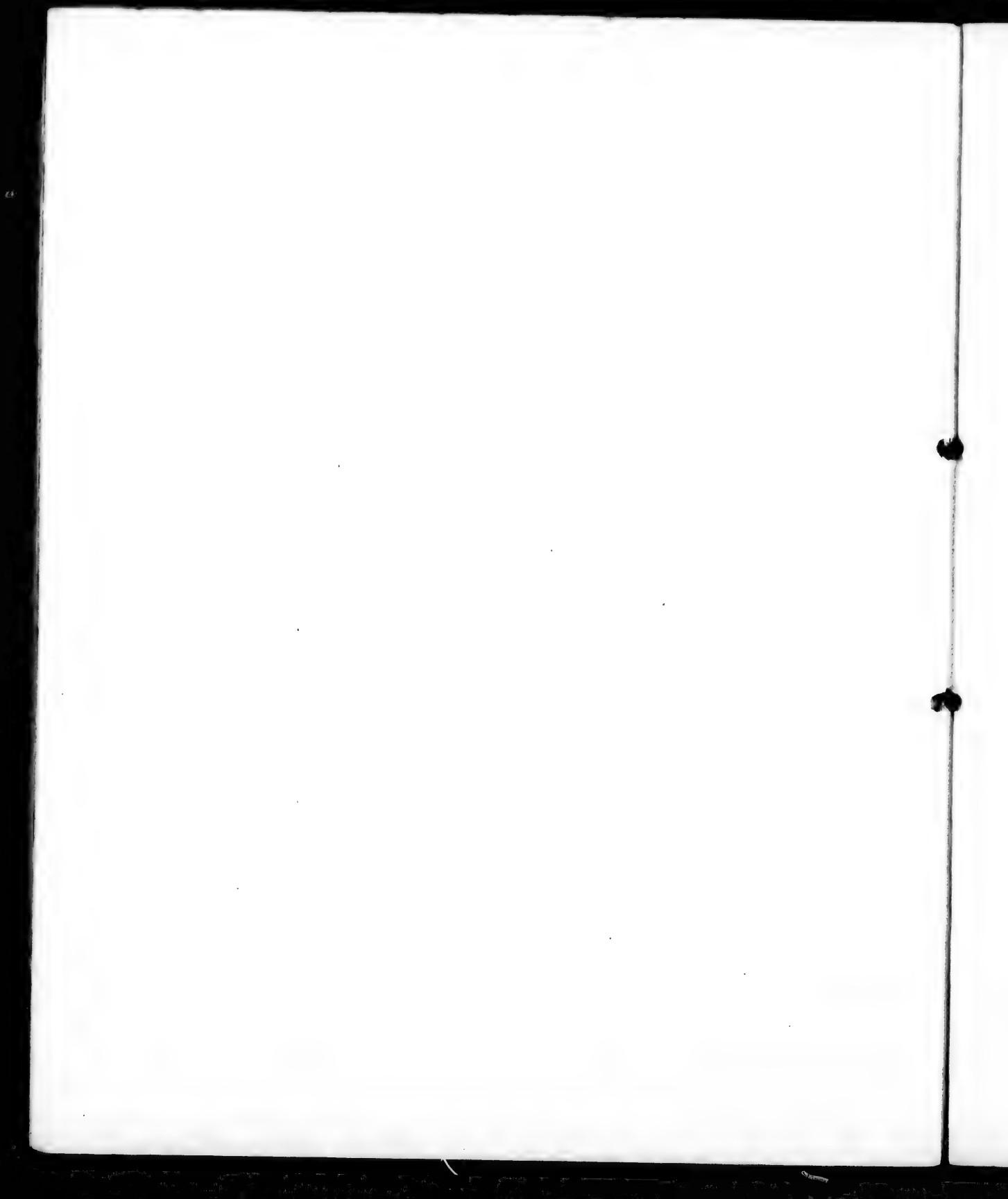
T he hills and the whispering stream
And the wandering clouds of the sky
Taught him the lessons of life
As the years went winnowing by.

B ut the greatlimbed roaring wood
And the fairspread harvest land
Forever will voice his triumph
And tell of his patient hand.

DAN KEILLAR



2 A. K.



REFLECTIONS

Ye bid me reflect but I cannot obey
For I fear if forever I tried and a day
I could never be up to the trick of it

What use is providing pen paper and ink
When it gives me a dull splitting headache to think

Reflection be blowed - I am sick of it

If I were a pool lying placid and clear
With nothing to think of from year to year

I might have the requisite leisure to

Or ever a mirror or ornate or plain

Did reflecting involve neither effort nor pain

It would give me unspeakable pleasure to

Then if I were pious where sanctify sins

A good for reflection I'd find in my sins

But that subjects brought with monotony

While as for my blessings which some folks advise

Are a subject for fruitful reflection, to prize

I really don't see that I've got any

Are the overdue rent and the water rates themes

For profound meditation, enabling dreams

To which a good man should address himself

To reflect on the price for a moment, of coal's

Do you think that should soothe impudent souls

Or cause a poor devil to

Bless himself?

Then reflection be blowed -

I would fain be a clam

If that's an ambition, ambitious I am,

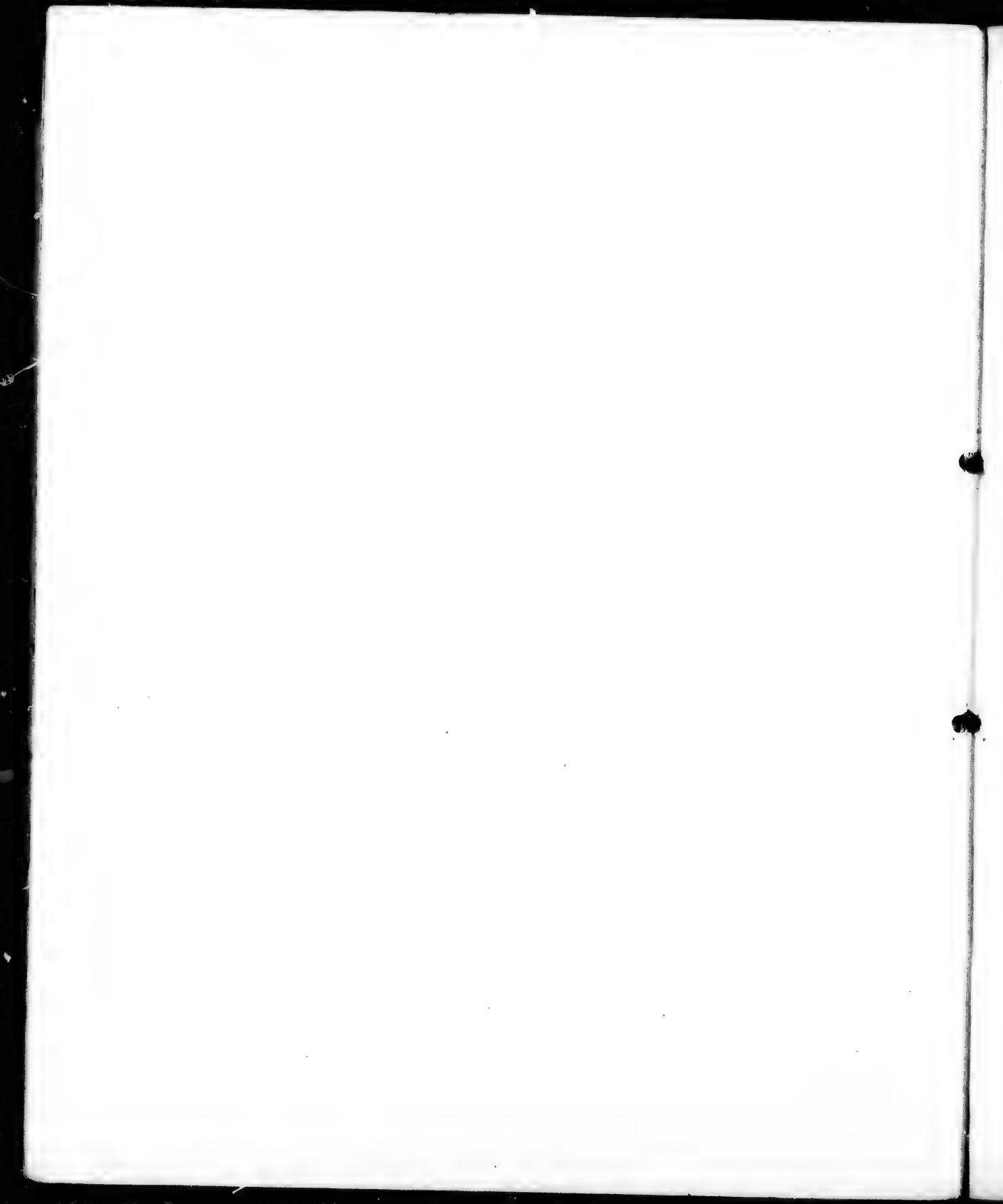
But stay - while my lines you're dissectin'

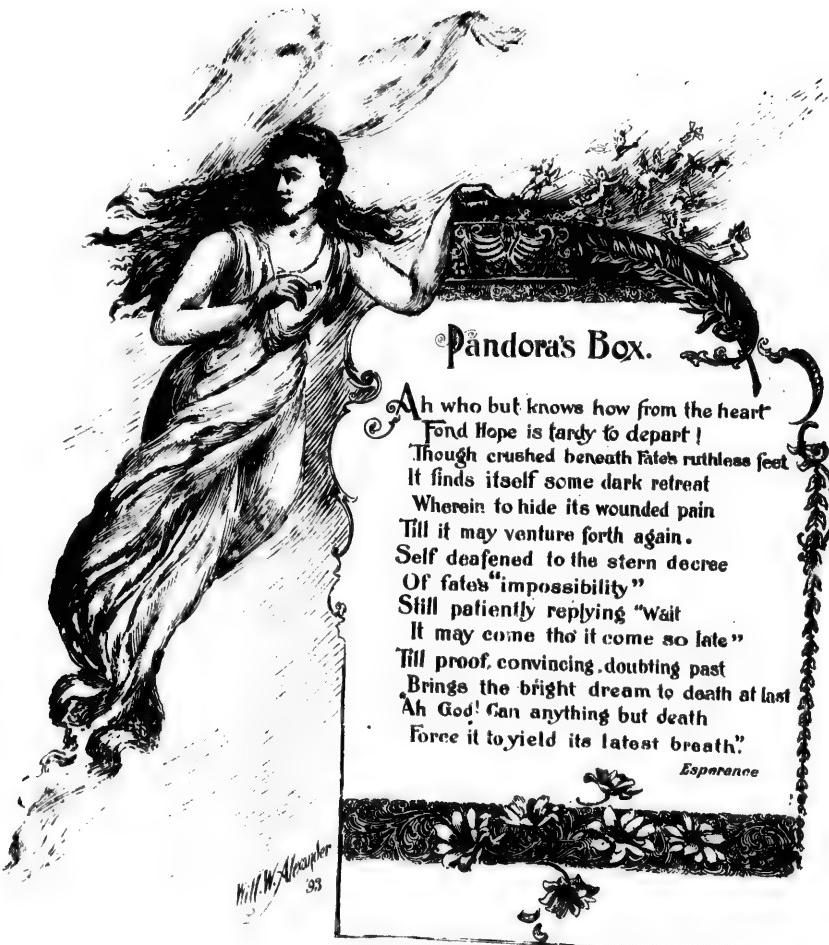
Just hand me your efforts & leave me awhile

To examine your drawings & ponder the style

And I'll manage, you bet, to reflect on 'em

A.H. HOWARD

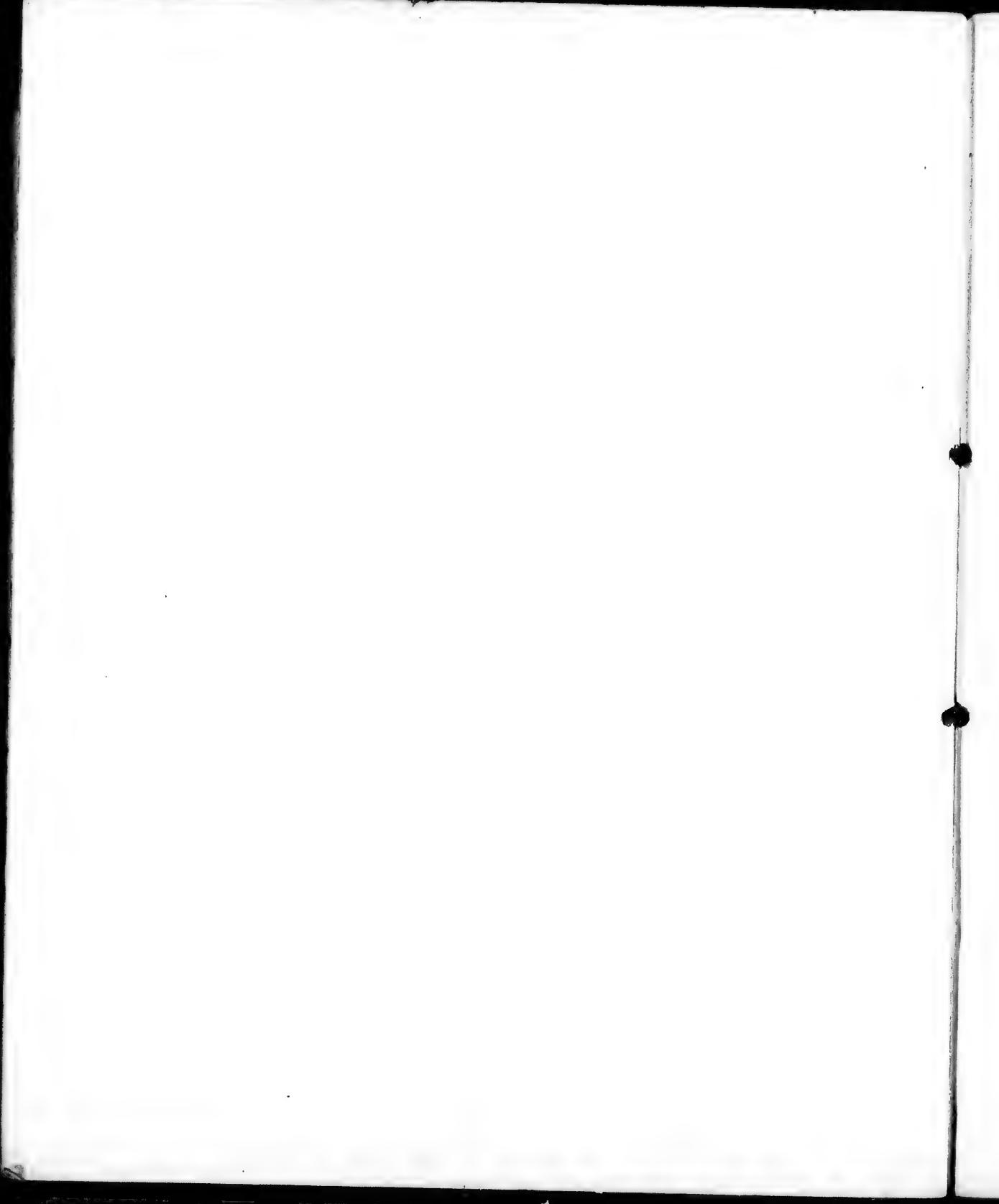




Pandora's Box.

Ah who but knows how from the heart
Fond Hope is fardy to depart !
Though crushed beneath Fate's ruthless feet
It finds itself some dark retreat
Wherein to hide its wounded pain
Till it may venture forth again.
Self deafened to the stern decree
Of fate's "impossibility"
Still patiently replying "Wait
It may come tho' it come so late"
Till proof, convincing, doubting past
Brings the bright dream to death at last
Ah God! Can anything but death
Force it to yield its latest breath."

Esperance





THISTLEDOWN

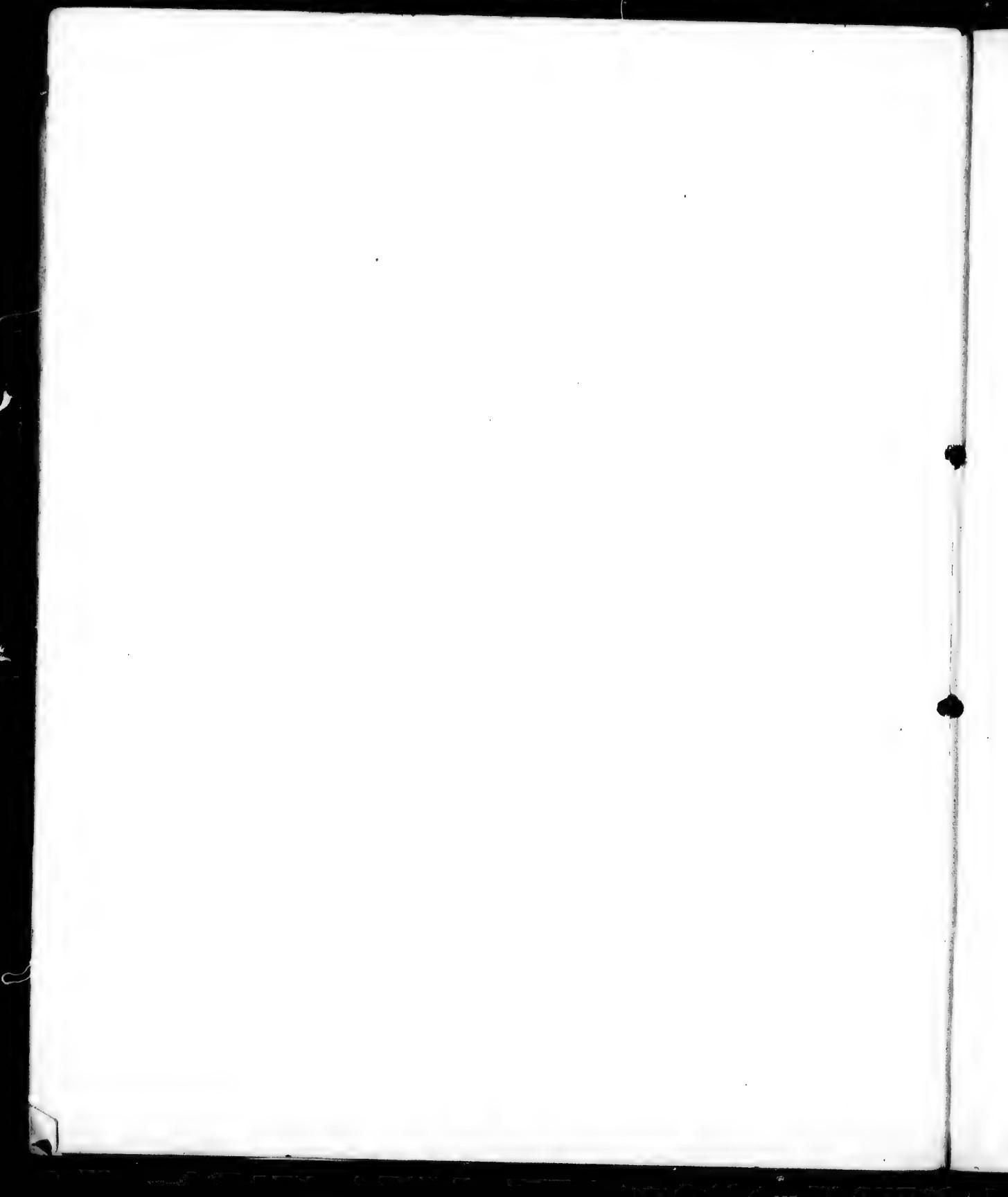
Some
verses by

E. Pauline Johnson

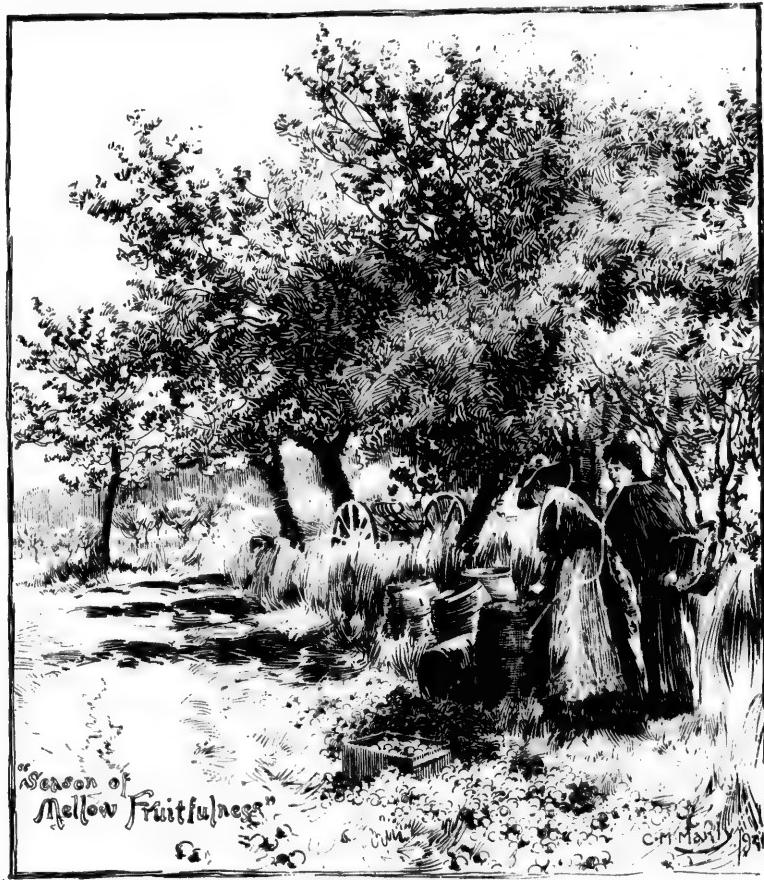
Beyond a ridge of pines with spiky tips,
The West lifts to the sun her longing lips,
Her blushes stain with gold and garnet dye
The shore, the river, and the wide far sky.
Like floods of wine the waters filter thro'
The reeds that brush our indolent canoe.

I beach the bow where sands in shadows lie,
You hold my hands a space, then say good by.
Up winds your pathway thro' the yellow plumes
Of golden-rod profuse with August blooms
And over its tossing sprays you toss a kiss -
A moment more - and I see only this.

The idle paddle you so lately held,
The empty bow your pliant wrist propelled,
Some thistles purpling to violet,
Their blossoms with a thousand thorns afret,
And like a cobweb shadowy and grey
Far floats the down - far drifts the dream away.







OCTOBER.

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

NOVEMBER.

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

1894.

DECEMBER.

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
					1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

J. JEPHcott



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